Volume LXI CHICAGO, MAY 21, 1908 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A CARD

It has been suggested that the articles on David Swing, which are being published in UNITY, be given permanent form in a book, to be entitled "David Swing, Poet-Preacher." Little change would be made in the articles, except to smooth some rough paragraphs, slightly expand others, and add some notes of facts and incidents that did not come naturally into the narrative. A bibliography of Professor Swing's writings, and of articles about him, would be added. Also pictures of him in different periods of his life, of his birthplace, of the log cabin in which he grew up, of Music Hall, of the Lake Shore homes, and perhaps of Fourth Church. It would not make a large book and would cost, perhaps, not more than $1.50, if indeed that much. Such a book should bear the imprint of Unity Publishing Company, for UNITY has ever been hospitable to anything relative to Professor Swing.

If as many as would like to have the articles in this form, neatly bound and printed on good paper, to preserve, will send me their orders in advance, on a postal card or otherwise, I shall be obliged. A good list would insure its publication and make it an object for the publisher to take hold of it and make a beautiful book—and no other kind should be made about Professor Swing, who so loved the beautiful.

I take this occasion to thank all who have found pleasure in my little story of the poet-preacher, especially those who have written me such good and kind letters.

Dixon, Ill. JOSEPH NEWTON.

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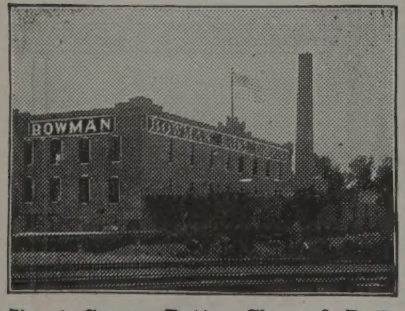

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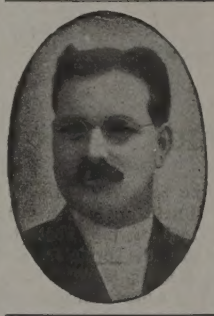

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908 NUMBER 12

Ultima Thule

Now cease to toil? Nay, this for me not yet,
Thou youth, who deemest growing age a bar
That hinders sight of new ascendant star
And dulls heroic zeal to soft regret.
High failure or high conquest doth but whet,
For noble souls, the will to climb afar,
Where splendors of all fine endeavors are—
Transcendent orbs, which, rising, never set!

Then pity not, dear youth, the growing gray
Which threatens me—no gray afflicts the soul!
No vision yet of Utmost Isle is mine—
Nor ever shall be! for the sacred day
Will come unomened when I reach the goal;
My one last glance shall recognize the shrine.

—JAMES H. WEST.

We print this week the first of a series of short "Testimonies," as our Quaker Friends would say, under the title of "A Voice From the Pews." The writer is one who is in close touch with the life outside of the pew, one who knows the club, the stage, the library, the magazine and the newspaper, and has had to do with the life represented by such, both as creator and recipient. The writer enjoys the acquaintance of artists, poets, singers and essayists, and is conversant with the limitations and implications that gather around the preacher and the pulpit. From this vantage ground this "voice from the pew" should command at least careful reading and impartial consideration. We commend these "Testimonies" to our readers.

Rabbi Schanfarber, of this city, recently took into his pulpit the "dream" of the unity of religions, a temple in which the cross, the crescent and the shield would represent the unification of the three great monotheistic faiths of the world—Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan, and on their altars should be found the Bibles of the world. This suggestion still provokes more humor than thought; it yet sounds like a joke, but even this large unification has gone much further than even the intelligent world stops to realize. The community of interests in these great faiths is witnessed to in a thousand ways. In the market places of the world, in college halls, at the courts of justice, the councils of nations, at the very postoffice, this unification has taken place. There is not only amity but coöperation, frank exchange of commodities, a mutual respect for one another's rights. It can almost be said that this unification has come in almost every place except in the temple. The priestly and liturgical expressions of religion, still zealously emphasize the differences, but the prophetic, ethical and the extra-temple expressions of religion, emphasize the unities. Dr. Schanfarber says the new Paul has not yet arisen but there is a Pauline spirit at work which invokes the coöperation of poetry, art and ethics in the attempt to interpret even the ritual and the ceremonies of the great faiths in terms of unity and harmony. Here as elsewhere, now as always, the best part of the world's wealth is found in the world's "Dreams." Let us keep on dreaming, brethren.

We take pleasure in commending to the attention of our readers a personal card from Mr. Newton, on our front page. It is hard to write the story of a contemporary. Artists find more difficulty in handling the figures in the foreground than in treating the horizon line in their pictures. Mr. Newton undertook a difficult task when he set out to portray the life and message of David Swing, and this task he has performed with a skill, clearness and tenderness that must be apparent to all sympathetic readers. He has invested his chapters with a subtlety, a dreamy, quiet repose, which was the peculiar and most striking characteristic of the Great Music Hall preacher of Chicago. It is one of the paradoxes of history that the biography of a great man cannot be written by his contemporaries or his immediate successors; and, furthermore, that when the proper time comes for such an adequate biography, much of the material is lost, the adequate witnesses are gone. David Swing is fortunate in finding a biographer who has come late enough to put his subject into the perspective of time and early enough to draw his material from competent witnesses. It will be a great reproach to the citizens of Chicago who have so profited by the labors of David Swing, and a source of humility to UNITY, whose readers ought to be among those best qualified to appreciate the man and the message, if the necessary encouragement is not promptly forthcoming that will put into permanent and adequate form this charming story. Reader, let there be no delay; send forthwith the postal card subscription to Mr. Newton that the possible volume may be promptly forthcoming.

Last week there was sold at auction in Chicago an elegant mansion which has been the residence of two noted multi-millionaires. It was built on Michigan avenue in 1882 at a cost of over $300,000, it was knocked down at $65,500. When the building was erected in 1882 it was supposed to represent the high-

est architectural, decorating and furnishing achievements within Chicago's reach; it was strictly "up to date" and was the admiration and the envy of the high-stepping residents of the avenue which boasts of having the longest array of costly houses in the world. In twenty-five years this structure of marble and steel, built to last centuries, has been outgrown. It has passed into the third pair of hands, and to the previous possessors at least it failed to bring the joy of possession, the pride of permanence, or domestic peace and comfort. The story of this house is all the more significant because it is no exception. In the miles of elegant residences that line Michigan avenue and the adjoining boulevards and avenues, the signs "To Rent," "Closed," "For Sale," are strangely familiar. The costly piles which were achieved at the price of nervous prostration, fatigue, the physical and often the financial collapse of the builders are now "white elephants" in the family estate; or, if the fortunes that created them continue to be triumphant, the ambitions that perpetrated the city elegance soon vaulted higher and pushed on for suburban mansions or country seats. These in turn prove too feverish and exciting for home comforts, and so the wealth-cursed vagabonds have left homes numbers 1, 2, 3 or more, and are trying to find a little quiet and domestic obscurity in the more comfortable hotels of winter resorts and the freer abandon of European travel during the summer months. A three-hundred-thousand-dollar mansion sold at auction for sixty-five thousand five hundred dollars on the swell boulevard of Chicago means something. What does it mean? Let the poet, the preacher and the political economist dig deep for the answer.

The New York States Conference of Religion with splendid forehandedness is already out with its preliminary notice of its ninth annual meeting which is to be held in the city of Troy, N. Y., on the 9th and 10th of November next. The following list of topics, which are duly to be assigned to competent speakers, shows the trend of this movement towards unity:

Religious Tendencies of Psychic Therapeutics.
Ethics of the Average Man Today.
Our Churches and Our County Jails.
Race Prejudice and the Religious Protest.
Religious Duty in the Use of Wealth.
What the Churches Can Do to Shape Public Sentiment.
The Moral Need of Religious Solidarity.
Social Wrong and Individual Responsibility.

The New York Conference came into life some four or five years after the birth of the Congress of Religion, whose aims and spirit it espoused, the friends who projected it thinking that the state limit might give more potency to the movement, adding an element of modesty and an appreciable local pride and acquaintanceship. This Conference, like its elder sister, began with a sense of theological problems or irritations; questions of Bible and the common grounds of thought were in evidence; sect lines were so much in mind that how to overcome them or at least over-arch them were matters of discussion on the platform of both Congress and Conference. But interest in these discussions failed to attract simply because the consciousness of lines was fading so fast that the discussions could not keep up with them. Jails, wealth, psychic therapeutics, race prejudices and the need of righting social wrongs are found in the foreground of religious interest today, and the New York Conference of Religion is endowed with the prophetic insight into the demands of today. We wish that the Congress of Religion, which differs from the Conference of Religion only in the fact that it knows no state boundaries, might imbibe courage from the leading of its younger sister and with equal confidence project its program far enough into the future to secure a worthy discussion and an adequate attendance upon the same.

The period from the close of the war to the Columbian Exposition marks the intellectual, artistic and religious adolescence of the city of Chicago. During these twenty-five or more years the large-hearted and large-headed men and women equal to laying the foundation of a great city on the spiritual side were not wanting. This was the time when the schools, libraries, clubs, art and science associations, church interests and similar activities representing the spiritual side of the city, succeeded in using, directing, if not wholly dominating the tempestuous tides of material activity and prosperity. Whether there has been a decadence of spiritual power and intellectual leadership, a more complete surrender to business and to prosperity since that time, or whether these interests have been passed over into the hands of less competent leaders, more inadequate representatives, the historian at the end of another twenty-five years must determine. At this perspective, all competent students will agree that the names of Robert Collyer, W. H. Ryder, David Swing and H. W. Thomas stand conspicuous as a quartette of prophets, leaders of thought and incorporators of ideals in the city of Chicago. As yet the story of their splendid lives and rich contribution to the city of Chicago has not been adequately told. Chicago, with an apparent indifference and lack of appreciation, has as yet failed to acknowledge its debt of gratitude to those city "Fathers" indeed in any adequate fashion. The memorials are sure to come. In another note we have called attention to the delightful memorial of David Swing, which is drawing to its close in the pages of UNITY and which ought to be promptly put into permanent book form. A similar task waits to be done for the genial yokefellows of David Swing; they who, like him, builded wiser than they knew. Together they stood for an apostolate of sweetness and light, a gospel of reason in religion and of religion in reason. Who will prepare for UNITY'S pages before it is too late, while the witnesses are still available, a similar story of Collyer, Ryder and Thomas? These stories, if adequately told, must be written by men of the West, where their great labors were performed, with the development of

which their names will grow increasingly conspicuous. UNITY invites suggestions in this direction and gladly pledges its coöperation. Let first the splendid stories be told and then will come the fitting memorials, the lasting witnesses of Chicago's conscious debt of gratitude to those who need no outward evidence of a fruitful life.

The intercollegiate oratorical meet which convened last week at DePauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana, under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Society, was a significant event. The representatives of five different state contests were present. The orator from the Northwestern University, at Evanston, won the laurel. This was the third annual meeting of the kind. The contest occurred at the elegant and commodious college chapel on Friday night, the 15th inst. Saturday was given to the listening to academic discussions of peace problems and the transaction of business, Professor Pound, of the Law Department of the Northwestern University, being the leading speaker. On Saturday evening the address was delivered by the Senior Editor of UNITY on "Internationalism," the word with which the twentieth century is to conjure, Dean Weston, of Antioch College, Vice-President of the Society, presiding. The Secretary of this association, Mr. George Folk, is a young man who brings to his task great consecration and energy. He is giving his whole time to the work and deserves the cordial backing of university men everywhere. His, like all other missionary work, finds its handicap on the financial side. It takes money to buy postage stamps and railroad transportation. Andrew Carnegie, with commendable insight, seeing the strategic value of the work, has generously offered to duplicate every dollar raised from other sources for the purpose of carrying on this educative campaign where education will be most effective. From college halls the final assault will come which will put an end to international wars. The peace sentiment is already sufficiently strong; the sensibilities of people are on the right side, but there is a deficiency of sense. The value of army and navy resolves itself into the academic question, Does it pay? Does it accomplish the promised end? Is it worth while? The college senior who cannot demonstrate to the satisfaction of any sane jury the shallowness and futility of the peace argument in the interest of a big navy or a standing army does not deserve his diploma; his studies in history and sociology have been inadequate; his standing in these directions is so low that he ought not to be allowed to pass. We know of no missionary field more fertile and promising than this work in the interest of peace among college societies. It will be a shame if the work of Secretary Folk will be limited for want of funds. Where is the wealthy man, still more the wealthy woman, who will match, not pennies, but eagles, with Andrew Carnegie in the support of this high apostolate?

"The Large Liquor Interests"

We have already taken great pleasure in commending our readers to the informing series of articles now running in *Collier's* by Will Irwin on "The American Saloon." In previous articles Mr. Irwin has been particularly successful in revealing the real inspiration lying back of the saloon business in America—the monetary and political corruption that finds the saloon its most efficient shield and agent.

The South Carolina Dispensary system, for instance, as a temperance measure proved a decided improvement on the old saloon system, but it broke down because the conscience of South Carolina could not stand the strain; men of sufficient integrity to enforce were not at hand. The liquor interest, here as elsewhere, spite of the unique and drastic regulations, became the center of a gigantic corruption. In the meshes of the new law, grafters, boodlers, perjurers and hypocrites found commodious lodgment.

The last contribution of Mr. Irwin, No. VI., is on "The Model License League" (see *Collier's,* May 16), and is the most startling revealment and arraignment of the whole whiskey business from a to z we have ever read.

A Mr. Adoue, of Texas, agent of a liquor press bureau, and T. M. Gilmore, a journalist, of Louisville, founder of the Model License League, are accredited by Mr. Irwin as being men swayed by a sincere motive, an honest desire to keep the trade within the limits of respectability. These men are taken as representatives of a percentage of saloon-keepers and a larger percentage of saloon-patrons who think the use of intoxicating liquors within limits legitimate, and that the saloon business intended to meet such a want is, or ought to be, made respectable.

But Mr. Irwin proceeds with simple directness to show how these men have been promptly swamped by the malign forces in the trade. The "straight whiskey men" of Kentucky, who are trying to deal in "honest goods," we are told represent but two per cent of the so-called "whiskey" and "gin" offered the trade in the United States. This Model License League, with headquarters at Louisville, has as yet only about 700 names on its list, but it is long enough to doom the movement; it is damned in the house of its friends. Mr. Irwin calls the names and gives the facts concerning those who have corrupted the South Carolina Dispensary. The Paul Jones Distilling Company, for instance, that stands as the confessed corrupter of the South Carolina law, now appears among those who propose to "force saloon-keepers to obey the law." The names of the Lemp and the Anheuser-Busch Companies of St. Louis also appear in this reform list, and their far-reaching corrupting funds in politics is also widely known.

But the most startling, fearful revelations which Mr. Irwin makes in this issue he offers in a postscript entitled, "Who Killed Margaret Lear?" Starting with this famous case of a girl outraged and murdered by a drunken negro, Mr. Irwin unveils the

most infamous efforts at systematic debauchery for profit's sake that we have ever seen, more infamous than anything we have ever imagined. He gives the names of the liquor firms in St. Louis, Paducah and elsewhere who deliberately supply the retail trade among the lowest grade of black and white with vile decoctions put up in bottles bearing obscene titles and obscene pictures, designed to madden the dull victims to deeds of violence and brutality. At last the true sources of the "outrages" that have so terrorized the South have been exposed, and the South with tardy justice is putting the blame where it belongs. Shut up these devil-inspiring places and the devilish deeds will cease.

We have given so much space to Mr. Irwin's last article, not for the purpose of indicating its contents, but with the hope that it will inspire the still further reading of the clear and awful arraignment. We hope every reader of UNITY, particularly those who have more than a lurking suspicion that our position is fanatical on the saloon question, and that the "Dry movement" is a passing agitation, a fanatical wave. will read the article for themselves. Mr. Irwin deals not in sentiment; perhaps his theory and practice would not agree with ours, but he is journalist enough to see the salient point; he is independent enough to give the result of his investigation.

After reading Mr. Irwin's article on page 9, we commend our readers to further seek enlightenment by reading I. E. White's description of "The Saloon's Welcome to the Fleet" in San Francisco, on page 17.

Sentimentality, emotion and a gushing ignoring of facts, which have so long been laid at the feet of the total abstainer and the political prohibitionist, have now clearly changed sides; they are the stock in trade of the "Wets;" the "Drys" appeal to hard facts, sober figures, plain and accumulative statistics; theirs is the argument of the sense and economy that lead to prosperity, and, if such thing be possible, the legitimate, scientific, temperate, medicinal use of the "genuine article" itself.

The Lilac

The scent of lilac in the air
  Hath made him drag his steps and pause;
Whence comes this scent within the Square,
  Where endless dusty traffic roars?
    A push-cart stands beside the curb,
      With fragrant blossoms laden high;
    Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb
      His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din
  Of clanging car and scuffling throng;
His eyes see fairer sights within,
  And memory hears the robin's song
    As once it trilled against the day,
      And shook his slumber in a room
    Where drifted with the breath of May
      The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs;
  The wonder of the morning skies,
Of sunset gold behind the firs,
  Is kindled in his dreaming eyes:
    How far off is this sordid place,
      As turning from our sight away
    He crushes to his hungry face
      A purple lilac spray.

—Walter Pritchard Eaton, in the May American Magazine.

THE PULPIT

"The Ministry of the Word"; Or the Message for Today

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 10, 1908.

"And the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not fit that we should forsake the word of God, and serve tables. Look ye out, therefore, brethren, from among you seven men of good report, full of the Spirit and of wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will continue steadfastly in prayer and the ministry of the word."—*Acts vi: 2-4.*

The translators of the so-called "Revised Version," the latest form of which appears in the American edition of 1901, sought to retain as much of the King James diction as they might without violating the original, as read in the light of the discoveries and the scholarship that had developed since the version of King James of 1611. Thus they have saved the familiar phrases, the association and dignity that belong to the old text, that which has given rise in English speech to what is known as the "solemn style." The Twentieth Century New Testament of 1904 seeks, on the contrary, to render the Greek text into modern English, putting it into the vernacular of today. This method gives this version of the English New Testament the advantage which most modern versions receive, viz., that of current speech. The old writers are made, so far as scholarship is able, to speak as they would in the English of today.

These modern translators have undertaken to remove the intervening screens, the antique English of 300 or more years ago. The difference becomes manifest when we read our text and context in this New Testament of today. Our text in this version reads:

"The twelve, therefore, called together the general body of the disciples and said to them: It is not well for us to see to the distribution at the tables and neglect God's message. Therefore, brothers, look for seven men of reputation among yourselves, wise and spiritually-minded men, and we will appoint them to attend to this matter; while we, for our part, will devote ourselves to Prayer, and to the delivery of the Message."

"While we, for our part, will devote ourselves to prayer and to the *delivery of the message.*" This is the twentieth century equivalent of the seventeenth century phrase—"We will continue steadfastly in prayer and in the ministry of the Word."

"The ministry of the Word." That is, the message rather than the charities of the new movement; the ideas and not the things; the thoughts rather than the actions inspired by the thought.

Let me try once more to discover the heart of the Christian movement, to put the emphasis of religion where I think it belongs. I find the potency of the church, the vitality of the home, the comfort of the individual, and the need of society in the intangible spirit and not the tangible matter which is created, gathered, arranged and utilized by the spirit. The later and too much neglected writings of the New Testament have great spiritual as well as historical value, when properly studied. He who can read between the lines of the Book of Acts, the so-called "Pastoral Epistles" of the two Timothys and Titus, the so-called "Catholic Epistles" of the two Peters, James and Jude, and the three Johns and the Book of Revelation, sees the Christian church just bursting through its seed, peeping through the ground, a slender twig, a tender, yielding, and apparently weak, impotent thing. Watch the great organizing and organized power of the centuries just beginning to find

itself. We see the great red-wood tree of religion, the *Sequoia Semper-Virens,* that has lived and grown through nineteen centuries of time, the tree that has sheltered nations and races in its branches, in whose refreshing shade continents have nestled, beginning to be.

This literature, comprising the later books of the New Testament, may be placed approximately about 100 A. D. Jesus, the inspiring leader, the contagious personality, the infectious spirit of love and enthusiasm, had given up his life on the cross forty to sixty years before this literature came into being. The tired though tireless missionary, Paul, the great itinerant, who had dared perils by land and by sea, saw the European beckoning him from Asia and heard the voice, "Come over and help us." Worn out by his labors, he had probably either closed his career as a prisoner from sheer exhaustion or won the martyr's crown as a victim of the earliest persecutions of the Christians at Rome, perhaps from twenty to forty years before this literature began to be. We see the first fine frenzy of inspiration, the uncalculating enthusiasm that is known to reformers in the early days of the reform, waning; the eager expectation of the second coming is vanishing in a great disappointment. Many souls, sick from hopes deferred, have fallen out by the way; they have begun to ask—What does it all amount to anyhow? Is it worth while? Why bargain for further defeat, isolation and distrust?

But there were others, thank heaven! who had reached the root of the matter, who had touched a few principles, caught glimpses of the ideal, entered into the confidence of the spirit; they had shared in what the grand old Bible phrase calls "the councils of the Almighty." The message of the Galileean, dropped like seed along the wayside, thrown out upon the winds that swept across the Tiberian sea, the electric spark that had flashed in his eye and been transmitted through his finger tips, were something that would not die, that must germinate and grow in the receptive and fertile soil of the human heart. The Golden Rule had been promulgated and enforced by parable and practice; the Beatitudes had been uttered; the divine Fatherhood had been declared; the human brotherhood had been practiced. And so, all the way from Jerusalem to Rome, along the shores of the Mediterranean and the far away isles of the Adriatic, something was growing.

The record tells us that "The apostles left the council that had flogged them, rejoicing that they had been thought worthy to suffer disgrace for that Name, and never for a single day, either in the temple courts or in private houses, did they cease to teach or to tell the good news."

Following hard on the heels of the demand for "good news" is the call for good deeds. The interval between the proclamation and the practice is ever a short one. There were poor ones, widows and children, neglected, abandoned, to be taken care of, so in this early church we come upon the problem which has beset every church from that time to this. "The Jews of foreign birth" entered complaint of the native Jews that their widows were being overlooked in the daily distribution. The charity problems were becoming clamorous, the institutional side of Christianity, the lend-a-hand activities, the persistent demand for immediate help, local application, home interests, were threatening the proclamation of the Word, menacing the message, confusing the messengers. Then it was that the twelve called together the general body of the disciples and said to them: "It is not well for us to see to the distribution at the tables and neglect God's message. Look from among yourselves for seven men of reputation, wise and spiritually-minded men, and let them attend to these matters that we may give ourselves to the higher business of prayer and the delivery of the message."

The proposal was unanimously accepted and the first deacons, the first servants, the first members of a charity committee were appointed and, judging from the character of the names, they wisely gave attention to the malcontents in the election. Most of the names are apparently Greek. We are told that Nicholas was from Antioch. They probably said to these foreign-born: "You are dissatisfied with the distribution; here are the funds; do you distribute them yourselves and let us be free to attend to the primal, fundamental tasks of religion—prayer and the delivery of the message."

"Prayer and the delivery of the message." This was then, has been through the Christian centuries, and is now, the fundamental business of the church, because it meets the fundamental needs of the individual, the home, the community, and the world. It has been and is, not only the fundamental thing in Christianity, but in all religions.

You will not suspect me of a lack of interest in the material expressions of religion. This building testifies to our belief that the deed and the creed must go hand in hand and that we must show our faith by our works. Still, it is everlastingly true that life is not a thing of brick and mortar, of bread and butter, milk and medicine, although these commodities must be provided in hospitals and asylums, by charity committees and in generous distributions.

I know the passion for statistics, the greed for facts, the pride in figures which are too often taken as a measure of our missionary work, of our vital faith. But I believe these figures may and often do represent the imbecility of the church, the demoralization of life; they are sometimes a measure of our stolidity. I believe in matter as I believe in spirit. Both are manifestations of a divine mystery, the nature, origin and destiny of which I may not fathom. Back of the veil they may be one and inseparable, but within the realm of consciousness, in the little sphere in which I can and must take note, they are everlastingly different and one cannot measure the other or be taken as a substitute for the other. Materiality is ever in danger of choking, crushing out spirituality. The primary function of religion is to deal, not with things, but with ideas. The passion for things must always await a spiritual justification, and their gratification is a treacherous investment when unilluminated by ideas and uninterpreted by spirit.

It is not my purpose to plead the general issue; I have no time to appeal to history. Indeed, the lesson of history is so plain that it is astounding people are so blind to it. Study the stories of the doomed cities, from Babylon to Venice, from Nineveh to the buried and mysterious walls of Roman camps in England, and Aztec cities in Mexico; walk among the fluted columns and the broken pillars of earth's greatest temples—Karnac, Persepolis, Ephesus and Glastonbury; read the stories of earth's great conquerors and guess the stories of earth's great capitalists, the masters of industry, exploiters of labor, who have gone down with their wealth, not only disappointed and defeated, like the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, the Alexanders and the Napoleons of history, but absolutely forgotten, their memory as much despised and neglected

as the dust that marks the places where their palaces once stood.

But a truce to history. Look at the facts now and here. Note the dreary, restless, feverish, fruitless life lined along our boulevards, typified by the palaces whose owners are too restless and dissatisfied, too feverish and superficial to occupy them more than a few weeks at a time; turn anywhere and everywhere, in the realms of education, of politics, of philanthropy, or of religion, it is the same lesson over and over again. Materials disappoint; things are transient; wealth is delusive except when illuminated, glorified, transfigured into spiritual verities and spiritual realities.

The potent forces in Christianity have been the intangible things; verities we cannot weigh or measure; the benefactions of mind, not of body. St. Francis gave his silken cloak to the beggar and took in exchange his ragged coat, inspiring thereby thousands of kindly gifts. But not for this deed is he remembered and honored, but for his message of love and brotherhood, the intangible contributions of thought and feeling.

The words "mission" and "missionary" are in disrepute in many quarters. Many, remembering the crude dogmas, the poor wisdom, the creedal arrogance and the unwise administration of missions and missionaries, dislike the words and distrust the things they stand for. And still, take the missionaries out of our history, and wolves and foxes, deer and wild men would still haunt this lake shore, and muskrats, beavers and mink would populate the river banks of Illinois. The very names of our cities, our streets and our sky-scraping buildings are unconscious tributes to the missionaries, silent and oftentimes uninterpreted tributes to the missionary spirit—LaSalle, Marquette, Joliet, San Francisco, St. Paul, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Sacramento, Santa Barbara and all the others.

The models of the caravels—the Pinta, the Nina and the Santa Maria—anchored in Jackson park lagoon, preach an unheeded gospel on those who forget that they bore westward Columbus and his band in the interest of an idea, and that when they landed they erected the cross and named the land "San Salvador"—the land of the Holy Savior. The sham La Rabida on the shores of Lake Michigan yonder is now an asylum for sick babies; it dispenses nurses and sterilized milk to suffering little ones. To the support of this, Chicago men and women dole out their silver. But the original La Rabida in Spain sheltered the men who in the name of the Christ consecrated themselves to poverty and had the courage of their faith, the daring of a missionary religion. They harbored the distrusted sailor. Their endorsement and a woman's jewels provided the missionary gold for the lonely Columbus, and we are here today.

Max Mueller some years ago divided the religions of the world into two classes—the missionary and the non-missionary—and proved conclusively that the former religions were the more virile, powerful and soul-satisfying faiths of the world. A purposeless faith, a self-centered church, like a self-centered man, is an imbecile, friendless, passing thing.

By a strangely happy coincidence, last week, after this subject was announced, while mulling upon my theme, there came to my table the two latest books on the church; one, entitled "The Church of Today," by Joseph H. Crooker, of Boston, a book that appears simultaneously from the publishing houses of Congregationalist, Universalist and Unitarian; the other, entitled "The Church and the Modern Life," by Washington Gladden, the Nestor of Congregationalism in America, the justly famed and noble leader, not only of the Congregational church, but of modern Protestantism, on sociological, civic and humanitarian lines. How gladly would I make way for these two men! how willingly would I give you the time which I am to occupy if I could only persuade you to place upon your tables and read at your leisure one or both of these books.

Mr. Crooker, with earnestness, eloquence and ability, exposes the indifference in high places to this essential element in culture, the highest expression of the corporate life of man, with all its imperfections, the church, and shows how the stress and strain of modern life, social, industrial and commercial, the great variety of Sunday amusements, the distractions of the motors and the magazines, the rival clubs and the apparently more pressing civic needs, are foes of the church which result in the decadence of the ministry and the depopulation of the pews.

In the last ten years there has been an actual loss of 20 per cent and a relative loss of 30 per cent of students in the divinity schools of America, and more than a commensurate increase in all the engineering and technical schools of the land. Millions of dollars are given for technical education, nothing for missions and missionaries; thousands of dollars for the material charities, but a hit-or-miss collection, made up of buttons, nickels and dimes, for organized religion. I quote from Mr. Croker:

> "The average parent, with unfortunate complacency and indifference, hands the religious training of his children over to the Sunday-school and gives the matter no further thought, but the father insists that the boy shall attend the High School with regularity. The mother allows her daughter to remain away from the Sunday-school for most trivial reasons. . . . Greatest solicitation is shown respecting the baby's diet; the nurture of the young soul is not given a thought. . . . Many a business man thinks himself liberal when his annual contribution to the church is less than what he spends on one club dinner to his chums or in a single automobile excursion."

Mr. Crooker and Dr. Gladden are not unmindful of the defects of the church; neither am I. The limitations, nay, worse—the errors, the falsehood and wickedness fostered by this, as by all other organizations, are manifest. But here, as elsewhere, to the church as to the school, to the state and the home, correction comes by improving, not by destroying, the organization.

Dr. Gladden, the wisest critic of the church in America, says that its work is still far and away the most important that is being done in the world at the present day. And Mr. Crooker shows that the religion that is not corporate, the morals that are simply personal, are imbecile and lead to degeneracy.

It is easy for pot to call kettle black in the destructive criticism of the church, but doctors and lawyers, clubs and political parties, have their failings as have the church and its ministry. But the church "is a reservoir of organized religion, a storage battery dynamic with the influence of countless hearts."

The church cannot be interpreted except in missionary terms. "Apostles"—*Apo-stoloi*—those who are sent forth, is applied to those who receive Jesus' commission—"Go preach the gospel to all the world." Go carry the message, the message of honesty and honor, the message of fraternity and love, of integrity and trust. Go and tell sin-distracted men and women of the infinite God, the father of souls. Go tell distracted society of the joys of the beatific life; go preach to

every living creature the beatitudes of holiness and of helpfulness.

And this commission is a lasting one, a commission binding upon every man and woman born into the freedom of the gospel of the Man of Nazareth, the gospel of the living Christ, the Anointed of God, the gospel of the law that is love and love that is law.

I do not like to force the antithesis between matter and spirit; it is not this or that, for it is both, but spirit must come first in civilization; spirit must come first in democracy; spirit must come first in the intelligent community, in the restful home, in the noble life.

The wise and the prosperous, the well-to-do business men of New England forty-six years ago, when Henry Thoreau died, stopped for a moment to patronize the memory of a "crank," "a clever dreamer," "an utterly impossible theorist," a "man who had wasted his life in chasing after the ideal." Henry Thoreau died with but few admirers, fewer readers, with the English reading people of two continents smiling at him. He left two slender books. Of the first volume he records that nine hundred of the thousand he carried up into his own attic because nobody wanted the book. A recent notice of his publishers announces the definitive edition of his writings in twenty volumes, nobly printed, amply illustrated. Every page of the diary which he wrote for the consolation of his own soul only, his reflections on men and movements, his passion for righteousness, his thirst for communion, his belief in the eternal, the invisible, the only wise God, has become precious to the thoughtful, an inspiration to the noble; his diary for twenty-five years, now made available to the reading world, is one continuous witness to the reality of the spirit, the permanence of the ideal, the incorruptible wealth that belongs to the message, for Thoreau was nothing if not a missionary, an apostle of the old-new gospel of liberty and truth.

The man of business, the exploiter of hand-education, the believer in hand-training and lathe culture, rejoices in the story of Luther Burbank, with his swift-growing walnut trees, his new flowers and fruits, his spineless cactus, his "pomatoes" and his "plumcots," but these admirers must never forget that Emerson, the dreamer, was the missionary who converted the Massachusetts farmer lad into a prophet, and that this botanical wizard still cherishes Emerson's volume as a second Bible.

All of this goes to prove the practicability of ideals, the honorable and useful vocation of the missionary.

The wisdom of the early apostles who shook themselves loose from the trammels of passing charities and material helpfulness that they might the more effectively give themselves to prayer and to the delivery of the message, is splendidly justified by the history of Christianity, justified by the experience of the individual soul, justified by the imbecilities as well as by the strengths of today and the great need of tomorrow. The hand that is to be helpful must have a heart back of it, and the heart must be illuminated by a head, in love with ideas, committed to principles.

I know that religion and the church are not interchangeable terms, but I also believe that religion unorganized, uninstitutionalized, is primitive and impotent, and that the men and women who have not time, strength or money to spare for the promulgation of its message are wasting their substance on secondary things, missing the highest joys, forgetting their richest privileges, turning a deaf ear to the cause which represents the direst needs of the individual soul, the home, society, and the world.

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

Chapter VIII.

The Lake Shore Homes.

(Continued.)

His views of fiction, as set forth in his famous lecture on "The Novel," are most interesting and worthy of note. He had been much in request as a lecturer all along—or, to be exact, from 1873 on—until his health would no longer permit such exhausting labors. His earliest lecture was on "Michael Angelo," and its successor was "The Useful and the Beautiful," the central thought of which has been given in the sketches of his sermons on the utility and moral influence of beauty. "Overdoing" was a humorous survey of the human propensity to excess, and is preserved in the form of an essay in one of the posthumous volumes edited by Mr. Franklin Head. But as it there appears it has more satire than humor, whereas in its original form its warp was satire indeed, but its woof was humor. No excess escaped his notice, not even the too great surplus of preaching, the preacher being so overworked that if he is lucky enough to find two ideas during the week, we must use one for the morning and save the other for the evening service; and if only one, he must split it in two. "The Novel," however, was the best and by far the most popular of his lectures, and was, I believe, the only one of his addresses which he gave without manuscript or notes. The manuscript was given to a friend, so that only a fragment of the lecture remains.

The novel, he said, is that part of literature which is decorated, for the most part, by the beauty of woman. It is woman in literature, and so appears in only those lands where woman is held in honor. The Hindoos have no novels. By this he did not mean that woman is the whole subject matter. She cannot be, but she is at once its inspiration and its decoration. Her beauty is the flag under which thoughts and sentiments assemble, much as men of arts and arms convened and conversed in the parlors of Madame Recamier. Thus Richter gathered his meditations on life, nature and education about the winsome form of Linda. And yet the more the novel gets away from woman, the greater it is; the more she is made the priestess of the religion without herself becoming the religion, the greater the book. Who should read novels? Everybody, when woman decorates the great truths of life; but when the novel is only a postponed funeral or wedding, nobody. And especially those should read the novel who the most don't want to—they the most need it. Preachers, in particular, and dry-as-dust theologians should read novels, lest they become like pools of water in August—stationary, scum-covered, or dry. But here, as always, his motto was "Nothing too much." To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism, an eclipse of life by a tallow candle.

Of Professor Swing's reviews of fiction, that of "Robert Elsmere" is typical of all. Gladstone had created a furore by saying that this story was an attack upon Christianity. Not so, said Swing; the statesman is not a little at fault. The story does not mean that orthodox faith "cannot transform men or perform works of benevolence, but rather that a Unitarianism of the Elsmere type can accomplish the same task, and that a clergyman may part company with the miraculous in the church without parting company with a religious zeal as great as that of Madame Guyon and a philanthropy as noble as that of

a Wilberforce." Grey and Elsmere are proofs that Christianity is not churchism or Calvinism, but a holy and humane sentiment. In short, that the church has no monopoly of either salvation or philanthropy, and that a man without positive orthodox faith may develop the sort of character we call saintly. The tempest in a teapot, he said, had obscured the high art of the book. He himself was unaffectedly delighted with the people in the book and with their story, and had no excessive concern for the theological snakes dug up in the plot. He thought the author most skillful in her handling of the relations of Elsmere and Madame De Netteville, and that no scene in recent fiction surpassed that episode.

When it came to poetry, Professor Swing was a stickler for forms. He held that the musical element could not be omitted without serious loss, and that for the highest effects the settled rhythmical forms must be observed. He was a great admirer of Virgil, and said that his thorough training in mathematics gave him precision, and that in hexameter verse he did not place side by side lines of six feet and lines of four or seven or eight, and mistake them for rhythmical equals. While admitting the greatness of Browning in many ways, he could not forgive his neglect of precision in the mathematics of verse. He said that with Browning a supposed equilateral triangle would have unequal sides, his circles were often oblong, and his square seemed an attempt to find an average between a semicircle and a trapezoid. Strangely enough, almost every stanza of poetry quoted in his sermons, and some of his paragraphs were mosaics of quotations, was from the minor poets. A little poem of his own, entitled "Too Late," is here appended, which, if read in the light of his hard lot in boyhood and the beauty which surrounded him in later life, has in it a touch of pathos which many another man has felt:

Swing had always a charm for women. His dignity of manner impressed them, and his frank avowal of his need of sympathy retained their admiration. Miss Sophia Burt Kimball, who grew up with Professor Swing's daughters, writes of his relations with women with a delicacy and insight which only a true woman possesses, and her interpretation of this aspect of his life is final.

"He encouraged Euripides' 'overflow of woman everywhere.' With gratitude for his need of woman, she mothered him. A prodigious letter writer, he surrendered an entire confidence to his friends, and in this he was sometimes misunderstood. His letters to women were not a personal expression of individual feeling, but were written idealistic of the entire world of sweetness, purity and moral beauty, independent of marriage. All his letters, to whomsoever written, were love letters. He was a lover—a world's lover of God's children. We note in the retrospect that those who thought they knew him best, women, his devoted companions, often failed to comprehend him. . . . Would you meet David Swing? Enter the chamber of my mother, where death was disclosed among the flowers. He 'ran in' to chat 'by friend Charissa's couch,' to pass light words over her 'nightingale wrap,' and like trifles. That the pastor offered no prayer became a regret. 'Prof. Swing, this one led a life of prayer,—is no voice to be raised now?' 'I cannot,' he said. Then the daughter of the house cried, 'She shall never know how near heaven is. I will sing, until the harbor is gained with full sail set.' What a transformation in him. Music brought a glory over his rugged face, a radiance as though the soul would break its confines. Before the call came to the waiting one, he himself had been summoned."

Socially Professor Swing was amiable, humorous and delightfully witty when with his near friends, but when strangers were about he was dignified and said little. People often thought him distant, when he was only constrained by excess of modesty. As the years ran along, however, he lost some of this shyness, and became not only a favorite but an adept in extricating himself from any tangle whatsoever. After all, one does not know but that it was a greater accomplishment of his than that he knew many books in their native tongue; than that he was master of ancient lore; than that he could weave literary lacework; that he knew just the trick of talk to set a girl aglowing in her first party dress; that he was master of the graces that smooth the grind out of life; that he could weld the "little links that make up the chain of happiness." He cared little for the glitter and show of life. A rather fashionable friend teased him one evening about the cut of his coat, which was indeed open to criticism. "Go to my tailor," said the gentleman; "he will set you up in good form." Swing looked at his friend and then at his own attire, and said: "No; I think I better not. There is an old German who has made my clothes for many years. I don't suppose they do have style, but if I should transfer my patronage from the old man it would hurt his feelings deeply, and I would not enjoy the new coat." After that the well-dressed friend had no more to say.

But it was in the circle of his intimates that one saw him at his best. How delightful he was in "the parole of literary men the world over," and how fertile and apt in classical quotation. He could find something in the old Greek sages to fit every possible phase of modern social or civic life, from a model for a civil service examination to a plea for woman suffrage. He never did a coarse thing, but he could unbend for a little nonsense, and in the warm, free atmosphere of friendship his fun sometimes took the form of a rollicking prankishness. A rustic poet sent him a poem entitled "The Weird," explaining that if the lines were read in a dim light and with a certain intonation "the weird' would appear. To see Swing turn down the lights and read that piece, waiting for "the weird" to come forth, were enough to make a wooden man laugh. Yet if that poor writer had come to Professor Swing with the poem he would never have had cause to feel sad. It need hardly be said that such a player of pranks was himself often the victim of pranks, as when Eugene Field—master of pranks—solemnly announced that Professor Swing had sung a duet with Madame Modjeska.

More than once Professor Swing was caught in one of Eugene Field's traps. Field wrote his poem entitled "The Wanderer," and, as was his way, credited it to some one else—this time to Madame Modjeska. In an editorial in the *Weekly Magazine* Swing took note of the lines, proving by internal evidence that Madame Modjeska wrote them. Thus: "The conversation and tone of her thoughts as expressed among her friends betrays a mind that at least loves the poetic. The child-like simplicity of this little song is so like Modjeska that no demand arises for any outside help in the matter." Having bagged such big game, Field proceeded to remark: "It will, perhaps, pain the Professor to learn that Madame Modjeska now denies ever having seen the verses until they appeared in print." On his second visit to this country Matthew Arnold was again Professor Swing's guest, in the Lake Shore home. After he left, Field, with the aid of Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun,* took some criticisms of Swing's sermons, which had appeared in the *Radical Review,* and wrought them into a bogus interview, which they attributed to Arnold. This interview Dana caused to be wired from New York as a "special cable" from the *Pall Mall Journal*—there was no such paper—to the Chicago *Tribune.* The *Tribune*

printed the article with some scathing words about the propriety of a guest criticising a host. At this juncture the jester sprung his trap, and Professor Swing and the *Tribune* were both on the inside.

Professor Swing was especially gracious and brotherly in his attitude toward young ministers, as many can testify. The least in the world of an egotist, he was incapable of patronizing. The fumes of popularity and success never mounted to his brain, and if asked why throngs came to hear him he would explain that he had lived in Chicago many years and had enough personal friends to fill Music Hall. His cup of joy was full on finding a young man who promised well in the pulpit. All such he regarded with tender solicitude and affection. He gave them valuable suggestions in his frank, innocent way, and talked to them as if they were his equals or superiors. His own method he knew, like his ministry, was peculiar, and he discouraged young men from taking himself as a pattern. One such wrote to him complaining that he had tried the essay form of sermons, conjuring with the classics, everything, in fact, without bringing the desired result. Whereupon Swing wrote to him briefly in this fashion: "Try religion." But to all who were thinkers, and not mere reflectors, he was a guide, philosopher and friend.

In 1886 Professor Swing built another lake shore home, a cottage at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, where he went for his midsummer rest. He superintended the building of it, and the Chicago papers always referred to his cottage as "the House that Swing built." It stood in a three-acre plot of woodland overlooking the lake, and formed an ideal retreat from the din and dirt of the city. There he could be found dressed like a rustic, browned by the sun, his dog Chihuahua by his side, and it is no wonder that he was sometimes mistaken for a farmer. It was his morning habit to row, or slowly drift and dream and muse, along the shore of the lake, watching the changing shadows of trees and clouds reflected in the mirror-like waters. The secrets of the wild life of the field and forest absorbed him. He knew the ways of birds and the habits of insects, and the workings of their tiny minds amazed him—as when he taught a spider to come at call and to eat out of his hand. He made friends with the squirrels in his grove and left generous provisions of corn for them in the winter; but his ardor was chilled somewhat by "catching them in the very act of murdering a brood of young robins" in one of the nearby nests. He loved his trees, his favorite being a noble hickory, which in dry seasons he fed with the moisture the clouds denied. There was a fine health and sanity in his life blended with a wistful, humorous, never-wearying interest in nature and her ways. To a certain extent, but to a certain extent only, one sees this in his sermons, for there is an outdoor feeling about all that he wrote. More of his simple, homely ways, his child-like joyousness, his naive delight in the doings of nature were betrayed in his Saturday evening essays to the Chicago *Journal*. He mused amid his trees and flowers until the scene became almost personal in its fellowship and appeal. Quitting it was like parting from a friend, and he was always eager to return. His plan was to retire from the pulpit and spend the late afternoon of life in the country, but that dream did not come true.

Like Browning, he nowhere tells us in what ways nature wrought upon him when he was alone with her. Bird song, the lisp of quiet waters, the gray lake at dawn, cloud shapes, star-crowned trees, the charm of blended colors—these filled him with musing wonder, until the simplest fact asked of him a long and deep pondering. The classic spell fell over him at times, and one catches a note of that old sadness in joy, a flitting shadow of the Greek twilight; joy that life is so fair and full of beauty, mingled with regret that it is "pent up in the kingdoms of Pity and Death." He never fell into the oversoft sentimentalizing, much less into the riotous pantheism, so much in habit of late years. In "Nature and Man" and "Our Outdoor Age," to mention only two of many such sermons, he rejoiced in the modern nature movement, and saw beneficent results for faith in the new love and study of the world in which we live. He thought it probable, for this reason, that the works of Thoreau, whom he called a literary wild man, would outlive those of Emerson. An Atlantis, peopled with harpies, and elfs, and imps, and satyrs—a land where "Queen Mab" rode in a chariot made of a nutshell.

"Made by the joiner, squirrel, or old grub"—

had indeed sunk, but in sinking it had pressed upward for the study of man a continent more real and more full of wonder. He held that if the words of Jesus were studied, as they were first uttered, on the mountain side, by the lake, and amid the flowers, they would reveal a reality unseen by the flickering lamp of the theologian, and a beauty hidden even to the mystic. If men take the Bible to the woods, he said, they will be amazed to find that prayer is as natural to man as songs are to birds, and faith will trail, like a vine, rich in blossom and fruit, over all our mortal years from the cradle to the tomb. Nature will revise our petty creeds, shame our unworldly envies, and speak peace to our bitter sectarian rancors, by teaching us sanity, simplicity, and fraternity. Let Christ and the lilies meet once more and there will come a "New Naturalism," yea, "A Higher Realism," and dust and spirit will be seen to mingle in the Easter lilies, even as they are mingled in our mysterious life. Such, as I gather it, was his feeling for nature and his hope for the modern passion for nature.

But, unlike Byron, he loved not nature less but man more. The human soul was his Westminster Abbey, and God was in the midst of it. Greater than mountains or seas was the human multitude—"those strange heirs of two worlds"—greater despite their sordid sin and struggle, greater because of these seeming blots on the austere beauty of the world. To his dear friends, the Talcotts, he wrote:

LAKE GENEVA, WIS., Aug. 20, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Talcott, Rockford, Ill.

Dear Friends: My vacation is nearing its close, and when with more than half sad thought my heart was wondering whether these woods are not the better place for me all the year through henceforth, your letter came. I opened it while out under the trees. Instantly all the beauties of nature faded before the higher beauty of man, and I felt willing to go back to my duties among my fellow souls. What are the associations with waters, land, flowers, grass, the perfumes of the air, compared with those ties which bind us to minds which can think and weep and love and hope! I should rather sit for an hour with you both than be in a paradise which should have all things except the human heart.

I have just returned from a visit to my mother. She is in her eighty-seventh year, but does not feel their weight. Her mind is clear, and differs from our minds only in having found infinite peace. Life and death are alike to her. Ever and ever yours, DAVID SWING.

Let us now follow him as he left these scenes of beauty and reverie to take up his labors "among his fellow souls," and trace the stream of his thought through the rich harvest years of his later life until it emptied into his grave.

A Voice From the Pews

I.

Reading recently the story of Christ's life as given us by Luke, these words which I had read many, many times before halted my thoughts and came to me with new force: "Jesus, AS WAS HIS CUSTOM, went on the Sabbath day to the synagogue."

It was at Nazareth, where he had been brought up and where he had returned after a long absence in other districts, where his wonderful teachings had brought him honor and had begun to change the prevailing order of life. Faint rumors of his teachings and practices had found their way back to his childhood's home, and we can easily imagine the first thoughts that he must have had on treading again the familiar streets of Nazareth, and reading the thoughts of his associates of former years. Doubtless the temptation came to him to remain at home in prayer and meditation on this first Sabbath of his return to Nazareth, till the gossip of his old friends and associates had spent itself; but if so, the temptation was overcome by the force of the habit of his life—going to the synagogue on the Sabbath. And I meditated on these words.

Jesus, the enlightened one, the holy and pure teacher of his time, and the exemplar of all the ages since, had formed the habit—or rather, had never unformed the habit of his early training in attendance at the synagogue on the Sabbath, and as a man he followed the training of his youth, which had become a custom from which he never departed.

I have an idea that there were those in those days who argued against "compelling children to sit through a long sermon which they could not understand," but Joseph and Mary doubtless went their own quiet way each Sabbath, and by their own thought and devotion made it easily the desirable thing for Jesus and his brothers and sisters to go to church, whether they "understood the sermon" or not: and by the time the "understanding" came, the "custom" was formed.

Over and over, as I have sat in my place at our house of worship—our All Souls' Synagogue—and have noticed the absence of young people who I knew should be sitting beside their parents training for their religious habits, I have thought of that line of Luke's gospel—"Jesus, as was his custom, went on the Sabbath day into the Synagogue." And some days I have missed the parents even, and other adults, whom I knew in some instances were absent from indifference and not necessity, and I have been led to ponder on this question of attendance at the synagogue on the Sabbath day.

If it were a good and desirable habit in Christ's time, I see no reason why it should not be the same to-day.

If there were men who seemed preëminently fitted to teach and lead mankind to higher thought and living in those days, so to-day there are men equally able to help us toward the higher attitudes of life. If it were in those days meet that man should one day in the week betake himself apart from the world for prayer, praise and worship, how much more so in this distracting age that we remember that God's in his Heaven, with whom we may commune and of whom we may have new visions each time we "ascend unto his holy place." Not in "fear of the wrath to come" nor to "save our souls" do I plead for this regular attendance at church services, but for our souls' growth and expansion toward the Kingdom of God now and here. And notwithstanding the prevalent idea that "early attendance at church has caused many a man to avoid the service when "his own master." I believe those cases are far rarer than that the early habit of church-going has been a force for right-doing in many lives and a "leaven" in the growth of the kingdom. So I plead that the children be brought. It is not hard to interest a child in the things his parents are interested in when they are genuinely interested; but no child can be imposed on; he instantly detects insincerity and half-heartedness and is easily repelled from the thing that you are only half in earnest about. Believe me, it is not hard to bring our children with us—I speak whereof I know. Begin it early; never let your own interest flag; resolve to go regularly to some church and get new thought and power for life during the coming week.

The poorest sermon ever preached will produce at least one thought worth carrying away, and your presence alone carries its own weight of inspiration to the preacher whether he be of your "denomination" or not.

Let us all follow more closely this custom of Jesus and go regularly with our children to "the Synagogue on the Sabbath day."

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Taft the Man.

There is small reason to doubt that Secretary Taft will receive the nomination for the presidency at the fast approaching Republican convention. Probably but one ballot will be required, or he may be nominated by acclamation. The figures show that Mr. Taft has more than a hundred votes over and above the majority necessary for a choice. He is evidently to be the man, and the country is settling down to a quiet and satisfactory realization of that fact. What interests us most now is what kind of a platform the secretary will stand on during the campaign, what are the chief issues, and just how far Mr. Taft will be willing to declare himself for or against the policies laid down by the present administration. He is regarded as the administration candidate; will he continue to walk in the aggressive path touching railroad and corporation legislation, or are the "vested interests" o'erleaping themselves in their confident expectation that Mr. Taft will "let them alone"? In a few weeks the candidate must be heard from.

Cleveland Strike.

Cleveland has been in a turmoil this last week, owing to the strike of conductors and motormen for an increase of two cents an hour in wages. There has been considerable violence, but at present writing quiet prevails, and negotiations are pending looking toward a settlement. It will be remembered that three weeks ago the warfare for three-cent fares and ultimate municipal ownership came to an end in Cleveland. Mayor Johnson's persistence won out. The Cleveland street railroad system is now a quasi public corporation, administered by a board of nine men, who are to manage the company as they would a savings bank. In theory the scheme is excellent. It remains to be seen whether we have any city in America yet that can shake off the incubus of corruption sufficiently to administer honestly such a hybrid enterprise as the city now has on its hands.

Conservation Conference.

President Roosevelt's famous governor's conference adjourned *sine die* last week after a session that should be fraught with benefits to the nation. Notable speeches were made and thoughtful and scholarly papers read bearing on the waste and abuse of our great natural resources. Among the most striking of these were James J. Hill's address, full of startling facts and figures, Mr. Root's pacific speech calling the governors' attention to a constitutional point which some of the more fiery states' rights executives had overlooked, and Professor Chamberlin's learned paper on our natural resources geologically considered. The conference has passed into history, but it has left an impression and started a movement for which posterity will doubtless be grateful.

P. S. W.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

PEACE ITEMS: "THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES AGAIN."—Since not all UNITY readers are subscribers for the *Advocate of Peace*, I clip from the current issue of that journal two South American items that will be especially welcome to all who have been interested in the "Christ of the Andes."

"Señora de Costa, well known for her eminent services in having the great peace monument, the 'Christ of the Andes,' created and erected on the Andean boundary between Argentina and Chili, has finally completed the organization of a peace society at Buenos Ayres under the title, *'La Asociacion Sud Americana de Paz Universal'* (South American Universal Peace Association). Among the first adherents of the society are a number of very distinguished men, namely: Mariano Antonio, archbishop of Buenos Ayres; Julio A. Roca, Luis S. Peña, José E. Uriburu, all three ex-presidents of Argentina; Benito Villanuev, president of the senate; José Figueros Alcorta, president of Argentina; E. S. Zeballos, minister of foreign affairs; E. B. Morena, minister to Belgium and Holland; Dr. Luis M. Drago, ex-minister of foreign affairs and first Argentine delegate to the second Hague Conference, besides a number of senators, deputies, etc. Señora de Costa has also had made a fine peace flag to serve as the banner of the society and an emblem of concord and solidarity among the South American countries. In its border are placed representations of the flags of all the South American republics. On the 22d of February, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, at the foot of the 'Christ of the Andes' statue on the Andean boundary, this flag was consecrated. The Bishop of Cuyo, Dr. Marcolino Benavente, who had dedicated the 'Christ of the Andes' monument, presided at the ceremony and blessed the banner, invoking the blessing of the Most High upon the new peace society and its founder and the cause of peace. During the ceremony the banner was placed on the granite pedestal of the 'Christ of the Andes' monument."

"South and Central America are constantly setting an example of the new order of things in international life. As an outcome of the visit to Rio Janeiro of Señor Baez, minister of foreign affairs, who took with him an autograph letter from President Ferreyra of Paraguay, giving assurance of the sympathy and friendship of his government, Paraguay and Brazil, who for some time had been out of harmony, have come into better accord. It is said, and one can well believe it to be true, that Argentina, which so heartily joined hands with Chili in the treaty of arbitration which is commemorated by the statue of the 'Christ of the Andes,' 'was the angel of reconciliation in this case.' "

Taken as a whole, the current issue of the *Advocate of Peace* is a very live and interesting number. Much space is given, editorially and otherwise, to the rejection of the president's four battleship program. The speeches of the Hon. Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio; the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, and the Hon. James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, are printed *in extenso*, and very inspiring and informing reading they make.

Representative Bartholdt's is particularly noteworthy for its authoritative presentment of the actual achievements of the second Hague conference, directly lessening the need for military and naval armaments. "It may not be popular," he said, "at a time when military and naval budgets are being considered to call attention to the great achievements of the second Peace Conference at The Hague, but, for my part, I could not imagine a more appropriate time to do so; in fact, I hold it to be our solemn duty, before voting away the people's money, to carefully consider actual necessities, especially at a time when the revenues, both internal and customs, are falling off and every dollar we can spare is badly needed for the erection of buildings to house the growing Federal service and for the improvement of the waterways of the country."

From the extracts which Mr. Bartholdt proceeded to submit from his recent report to the arbitration group in Congress, the American branch of the Interparliamentary Union, I have room for only one point, which has hardly become familiar as yet to the public at large in all its far-reaching significance:

"It would take up too much of your time to specify the many conventions concluded at The Hague, and as a great step forward I will mention only the one which provides that no unfortified cities, towns and villages shall ever be bombarded by an enemy, which, in my humble judgment, makes fortification of coast lines almost unnecessary. It means that by fortifying they would only invite the fire of the enemy, while they would be perfectly safe and immune if they remained unfortified." What becomes, then, of the need of a navy for coast defense?

The seventeenth International Peace Congress is to be held this year in London, beginning July 27, and great preparations are being made for the event. The local committee hopes, for one thing, to be able to provide free hospitality in London for all the delegates, both British and foreign, who may desire it. See the *Advocate of Peace* for details as to plans and program for this, which it is hoped to make the most important and influential peace congress ever held. It will be a rare opportunity to see London and its various attractions. American peace workers and friends of the cause who can go are requested to send their names as early as possible to the American Peace Society headquarters in Boston. A large American delegation is desired.

M. E. H.

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1908

Anticipating the questions of those who are looking for a suitable place to spend vacation months, the following statement is prepared with the approval of and after consultation with cottage owners, the resident settlers on the Hill, in whose hands the management virtually rests.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature, with a few master minds, and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impedimenta; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Plant: By virtue of certain real estate transfers made last year, the Tower Hill Pleasure Company now owns, without debt, with the exception of an unpaid bill for the reroofing of the company houses last summer, a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, with an adequate reservoir, from which is piped to the various buildings the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, and yielding scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, ornithologist, etc. A well tilled garden and an adequate dairy supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company are sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains sixteen (16) such cottages.

Finances: The expenses of the encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouse rentals.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this School from the beginning has been:

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the students to carry the result of their studies into Sunday School and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the fifth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

CLASS IN RELIGION—FIFTH YEAR.

The New Testament.

Introductory.
John, Jesus, Paul (the three boys).
Paul's Letter to the Galatians.
First Thessalonians.
Second Thessalonians.
First Corinthians.
Second Corinthians.
Romans.
Philemon.
Colossians and Ephesians.
Philippians.
Mark (4 lessons).
Matthew.
Luke.
John.
Genealogy and Birth Stories.
The Beatitudes.
Sermon on the Mount.
Parables (2 lessons).
The Women of the Gospel.
The Resurrection.
The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement (2 lessons).
The Pastoral Epistles — I. and II. Timothy and Titus.
Epistle to the Hebrews.
The Catholic Letters I. and II. Peter, James and Jude.
I., II. and III. John.
The Book of Revelation.
The Apocryphal New Testament.
Review and farewell for the season.

The following partial list of reference books is recommended:

Bacon's "Introduction to the New Testament," "Twentieth Century New Testament," "A Wicket Gate to the Bible," with charts by W. C. Gannett; "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," by Carpenter; "A History of New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews.

"The Gospel and Its Earlier Interpretations," Cone; "Introduction to the New Testament," Julicher; "Jesus," Bousset; "The History of Early Christian Literature," Von Soden; "The First Three Gospels," Carpenter; "The Prophet of Nazareth," Schmidt; "The Synoptic Gospels," Cary; "Thessalonians, Corinthians, Galatians, Romans and Philippians," Drummond; "Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, James, Peter and Jude," Cone; "The Johannine Literature, Acts," Forbes.

"A Biblical Introduction," Bennett & Adeney; "The Apostolic Age," McGiffert; "The Formation of the New Testament," Ferris; "Christian Origins," Pfleiderer; "What Is Christianity?" Harnack; "Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher," Cone; "Mark," Solly; "History of the Higher Criticism," Nash; "History of the Textual Criticism," Vincent; "Biblical Theology of the New Testament," Gould; "Theology of the New Testament," Stevens; "Sources of Our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus," Wernle; "Beginnings of Christianity," Wernle (2 vols.); "Apologetic of the New Testament," Scott; "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry," Stapfer; "Jesus Christ During His Ministry," Stapfer; "The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ," Stapfer; "Jewish People in the Time of Christ," Schurer; "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," Edersheim; "Ecce Homo," Seeley; "New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews; "Kingdom of God," Bruce; "Teaching of Jesus," Wendt; "Social Teaching of Jesus," Mathews; "The Apostle Paul," Farrar. The first four very cheap books will make an adequate equipment.

Daily Program. 8:30 to 9:30, nature studies; 11:15 to 12:30, Bible work; 7:30 to 8:30, three times a week, poetry work, special lectures; 8 p. m. No study work on Saturday. Sundays on Tower Hill not given to public meetings are days of quiet, with abstinence from boisterous games or activities that call for extra work for men or horses.

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1—September 16; Tower Hill Summer School, July 19—August 23; Women's Congress, August 21, 22, 23.

Board at the dining room is furnished at four dollars and a half ($4.50) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between Spring Green and the Hill, a distance of three (3) miles, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to Spring Green and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train, though a livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice. For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

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FOURTH YEAR.—"The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World."

FIFTH YEAR.—"The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion."

SIXTH YEAR.—"The Growth of Christianity."

SEVENTH YEAR.—"The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Tower Hill Cottages, Etc.

Name.	*When Built.*	*Present Owner.*
Westhope	1891	Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Exforth	1892	Mrs. Edith Lackersteen
Fernwood	1892	Miss Wynne Lackersteen
Maxwelton	1892	Mrs. A. L. Kelly
Leafring	1892	Miss Cordelia Kirkland
———	1894	Rett E. Olmstead
Lanier	1896	Miss R. A. Hatherell
Wahzedah	1901	Miss E. H. Walker
Welawiben	1903	Miss Bertha Howe
Blaencathal	1901	T. R. Lloyd Jones
Pine Lodge	1905	Harry Hyman
Brantwood	1905	Mrs. Mallory
Cedarknowe	1905	Granville R. Pike
Waldesruh	1905	Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels
Hotel Extreme	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Unity Club Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Woman's Resolve Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Old Helena		Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Hermitage (Outside grounds)		Jenkin Lloyd Jones

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